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# MAD®

## ABOUT THE BUOY

#53



# AVOID THAT SINKING FEELING!



THE WORLD IS ON THE ROCKS, SO...

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SAFE BERTH WHERE YOU CAN

FIGHT THE UNDERTOW OF MORAL DECAY

STAY AFLOAT IN A SEA OF MEDIA ABUSE

STEM THE TIDE OF POLITICAL INSANITY

RIDE THE WAVES OF NAUSEA-PRODUCING ENTERTAINMENT

LAUGH YOUR WAY THROUGH TROUBLED WATERS

AND KEEP FROM GOING OFF THE DEEP END

YOU'LL BE...

# MAD ABOUT THE BUOY

Unfortunately, reading this bilge will make you see-sick!

# MAD About the Buoy

Edited by  
Albert B. Feldstein



WARNER BOOKS

A Warner Communications Company

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**FIDDLER MADE A GOOF DEPT.**

Practically everyone has seen the prize-winning musical about the loveable people in that little village in Old Russia called Anetevka. Well, as far as we're concerned, "Fiddler" made a GOOF! Because a show like that is very sentimental and touching until we think about the *descendents* of those oppressed people who fled Europe so many

years ago, and how those descendents have almost destroyed a Dream. Which is why MAD now takes this famous musical about the problems of people who had *nothing*, and updates it with a version about the problems of people who have *everything*—mainly America's Upper Middle Class. Here, then, is our sing-along rendition, re-titled . . .

# Antenna on the Roof

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER  
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

An antenna on the roof! What's so strange about that? Nothing much . . . except that this antenna is on the roof of our kennel!

You see, here in our \$150,000 home in the suburbs, even our dog is spoiled rotten!

You may ask: Why do I work so hard to provide such luxuries as a Zenith Color TV Console for our dog? Why not just a simple Black-and-White Emerson Portable?

Because here in the suburbs, a family is measured by one yardstick—POSSESSIONS!

Possessions are what earn us the respect and admiration of the people who mean the most to us! And who are they . . . ? THE NEIGHBORS!!

Still, it's not so easy being prosperous! Even WE have our problems! And what are our biggest ones . . . ? OUR DAUGHTERS!

### POSSESSIONS!

### THE NEIGHBORS!

### OUR DAUGHTERS!



As a trained Psychiatrist,  
Mr. Buckhaiser,  
I must tell  
you that this  
case is rather  
unusual!

Why??  
Don't  
you  
believe  
in Group  
Therapy?

Yes, but for an  
entire family!!!  
Besides, I've  
never worked this  
way before—as a  
sleep-in Analyst!

Good! Just so  
we're the first  
on our block to  
have one! Now,  
shut up . . . and  
listen to our  
problems . . .

\*Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,  
I'm a success—  
Three-car garage—  
Fancy address;  
Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,  
Look deep inside  
And find out why I'm a mess!

Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,  
I am his spouse—  
Two minks I own—  
One's for the house;  
I'm just a typical,  
Rich, pampered wife—  
So why do I hate my life?



\*Sung to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

I'm Shei-la—  
A Free Sex  
fanatic!

I'm Nam-cy—  
A speed freak  
just now!

I'm Joy, who—  
Makes bombs  
in the attic  
And answers  
the phone with  
Quotations from  
Mao!



Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,  
This is our fate—

Kids we can't stand!

Parents we hate!

Millions just like us  
Throughout ev'ry state!

So—Don't fall asleep—

Make with the Freud—

Say something deep—  
Give us a clue—  
So all of us can  
Hate you!



The headshrinker said I treat my daughters like possessions, not like human beings! He's right! I'll start by making up with my daughter Sheila!



We're free!  
Your father  
gave us his  
blessing!



If you think "Drop Dead" is a blessing, you're flakier than I thought! Still, it gives us an excuse to go running naked through the woods, celebrating the wonders and miracles of today's counter-culture!



You're marrying a Rock Group?

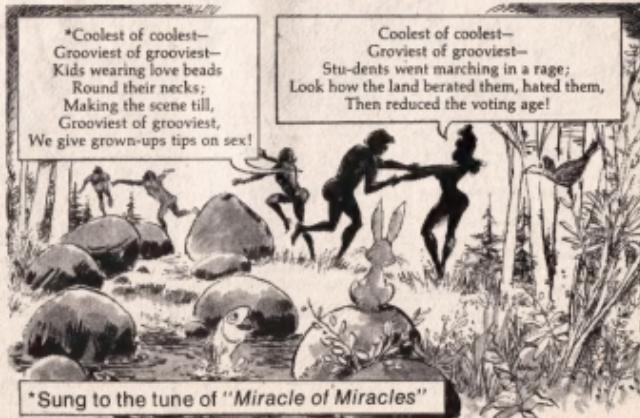
Bug off with the soft soap, Pop! I'm eloping with "Floyd And The Wheat Germies"!

We don't want a big wedding! Just a quiet nude ceremony with a few dozen close porno freak friends in attendance!

Such a dilemma! My first born --running off to live with a bunch of strangers! On the other hand, she's been doing that HERE for 18 years! On the other hand, it's not like I'd be losing my Cadillac! On the other hand, do I really care??



\*Coolest of coolest—  
Groviest of groviest—  
Kids wearing love beads  
Round their necks;  
Making the scene till,  
Groviest of groviest,  
We give grown-ups tips on sex!



Coolest of coolest—  
Groviest of groviest—  
Stu-dents went marching in a rage;  
Look how the land berated them, hated them,  
Then reduced the voting age!

\*Sung to the tune of "Miracle of Miracles"

When John told Yoko,  
"Let's pose bare!"  
That was the grooviest!  
When thousands were freaked out  
At the Woodstock Fair,  
That was the grooviest, too!

But of all the grooviest  
Scenes we've found,  
By far the grooviest  
One around  
Is that we've been spoofing  
This show so square  
Till . . . it . . . now . . . looks . . .  
More . . . like . . . "Hair"!



Tell me, Doc—what made  
Sheila run off with a  
Rock Group instead of  
marrying someone with  
a guaranteed income—  
like a Doctor, a Lawyer  
or a Railroad Brakeman??

Perhaps she  
disliked being  
treated as  
another one  
of your  
acquisitions!

Nonsense!  
We've loved  
her ever  
since we  
brought her  
from the  
showroom!



Life is often  
hard here in  
the suburbs!  
Sometimes, I  
think I'd be  
better off if I  
were worse off!!

\*If I were a poor man—  
Scuba duba duba  
Duba duba duba duba dee;  
All my hang-ups  
Would be leaving me,  
If I were a  
Needy man!

Wouldn't have an ulcer—  
Scuba duba duba  
Duba duba duba duba dee;  
I'd be living  
Off so-ci-e-ty  
If I were a  
Needy man!

I'd... simp... ly . . .  
Sign my name and draw "Unemployment"  
Each week I didn't have a job;  
And should the Welfare  
Man doubt my word some-how—  
I'd say I'd tried my best to find some employment  
Then I would tell him with a sob:  
"But no one seems to need a SHEPHERD now!"



\*Sung to the tune of "If I Were a Rich Man"

I'd . . . wake . . . at  
Noon and watch my new color TV;  
Fresh from the leading local store,  
For which I got for only five dollars down;  
And . . . when . . . they  
Took it back for missing the payments  
I'd put five dollars down once more,  
Until I'd gone through ev'ry store in town!

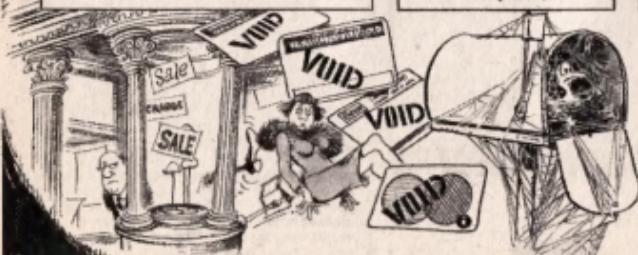


If I were a poor man—  
Scuba duba duba  
Duba duba duba duba dee!  
I would be a living char-i-ty  
If I were a needy man;  
Wouldn't know from Milltown—  
Scuba duba duba.  
Duba duba duba duba dee;  
I would not need psycho-therapy  
If I were a needy man;

I'd . . . try . . . my  
Luck each day at playing the Numbers,  
Then I would play the Lott-er-y—  
I'd put each dime and  
Nickel and quarter in,  
And . . . when . . . I'd  
Find I'd missed by only one number,  
Oh, such excitement you would see—  
But—  
God forbid that I should ever win!



I'd . . . see . . . my  
Wife, that nagging bag of a spendthrift,  
Chargin' her clothes in great amounts  
In dress stores in that  
Big fancy shopping mall;  
And when the stores found out that  
She was a deadbeat,  
Soon she would have no charge accounts—  
And that would be the sweetest thing of all!



Ahhhhh!  
If I were a poor man,  
Scuba duba duba  
Duba duba duba duba dee—  
Junk mail lists would  
Soon be dropping me  
If I were a  
Needy man;

Wouldn't know from "Status"—  
Scuba duba duba  
Duba duba duba duba dee;  
Tax collectors would not audit me;  
I would have no tax to pay, you see;  
I would even drive a used Capri—  
If I were a  
Nee-dy  
Man!



Still—I've got two daughters left! Look at my Nancy! The first girl in the neighborhood to play "Doctor" with real hypodermics!

Hi, Pop! You're just in time to say goodbye! I'm leaving for good with Harvey The Head here!



C'mon, Harvey!  
We're splitting for the big city  
while we sing this song that glorifies our holy quest for a new spiritual experience!

\*Dope-pushers, dope-pushers,  
Fix me a fix;  
Push me a push!  
Fill me with kicks;  
Dope-pushers, dope-pushers,  
Make with the score  
And open your bag of tricks!

Dope-pushers, dope-pushers,  
Sell me no grass;  
It's now become  
Too middle-class;  
Zap me for good 'cause I'm  
Counting on you  
To hook me on something new!



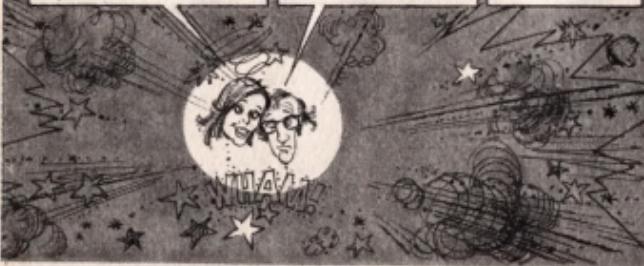
\*Reprise to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

Don't hype me  
With second-hand acid;  
Don't fake me  
And say that I'll flip;  
Don't goof me  
With downs—they're too placid;  
I'm looking right now  
For the ultimate trip!

Dope-pushers, dope-pushers,  
Hand us no hash;  
We've got the bread;  
You've got the stash;  
Sooner or later  
We're certain to crash,  
So . . .

Speed us no speed;  
Smack us no smack;  
Weed us no weed;  
Reach in the sky  
And find us  
The  
High-est  
High!

Such a dilemma! My daughter the junkie leaving home! On the other hand, she once pawned my Omega for a fix! On the other hand, she might die in the jungle out there! On the other hand, I've got her life insured for two hundred grand! On the other hand, she's usually so stoned, they won't be able to tell whether she's alive or dead anyhow!



Our children are leaving us, dear!

Yes! Now we can enter our golden years when we will sit quietly by ourselves and grow old together!

Grow OLD!!!  
Not if you can help it!



\*Look at this woman  
Pushing fit-ty—  
Trying so hard  
To hide the truth;  
Now that she's getting  
So much older—  
She . . . seeks . . . youth;

Look at her going  
To beaut-i-cians—  
Giving her frame  
An over-haul;  
What treatment's  
Left for her? She's  
Had . . . them . . . all!

Hair dyed, hair set;  
Old age? Not yet;  
Wrinkles dis-appear—  
One face-lift  
Following another,  
Tak-ing off  
Still another year;



"Sung to the tune of "Sunrise, Sunset"

Mud packs, weight pills;  
Nose jobs; huge bills;  
Caps on all her teeth—  
Ointments and skin creams  
And mas-ca-ra,  
Cover-ing  
Up what's underneath!

Look at this hypocrite I married,  
Wearing a thousand buck toupee;  
Look at him coloring his  
Fringe with  
Clair-o  
Spray;

Shots from his doctor he is getting,  
Giving him new vi-til-i-ty—  
He says they're  
Helping him, but  
Don't ask  
Me!

Each day . . . we wake;  
Ten pills . . . we take—  
One for ev'ry gland;  
With all this youth  
That we both yearn for,  
How come our  
Children we can't stand?



Still—I've got my youngest daughter, my little princess, my Joy! Each day, she sits in her room, making Molotov cocktails out of my wife's empty Geritol bottles!

S'long, Pop! I'm gonna blow this nothing scene!

But, why? Haven't I given you everything you wanted? Didn't I bring the Chicago Seven to your Sweet Sixteen Party? Say you'll stay and I'll buy you your own very own munitions plant!

I'm off the violence kick, Pop! I'm into Gay Liberation, now! That's why I'm eloping with Pauline here!

Such a dilemma! My daughter, marrying a GIRL! On the other hand, she might be marrying a Black! On the other hand, I don't have to worry about her getting pregnant! On the other hand, I think it's time to talk to the Analyst again ...



So you see, Doctor ... they've all left us! Why? WHY???

For that answer, I need to probe your subconscious! Have you had any unusual dreams or nightmares lately?

Just one! I was sleeping the other night, when suddenly ...

Aaagh! Not YOU!!

What is it? Who—who's here in our bedroom???

It's—it's THEM! It's our ancestors from the Old Country! There's my Grandfather, Tevya ... and my Grandmother, Golde ... and Motel, the Tailor ... and Yente, the Matchmaker ... and Lazar, the Butcher ... and all the other people from Anatevka!

That's right! Back in Russia, we may not have had Analysts, but we could always recognize a fool when we saw one!



\*Dum-dum of dum-dums!  
Imbecile of Imbeciles!  
God led us to the U.S.A.!  
Said, "You are free," and,  
Imbecile of imbeciles,  
Look at what we find today!

Dum-dum of dum-dums!  
Imbecile of Imbeciles!  
God made a modern Cam-e-lot;  
Now that we've seen the  
Mess you've made,  
We're afraid  
God wants back his melting pot!

When Yippies tear the flag to shreds—  
They act like imbeciles;  
When hard-hats go crazy and start busting heads—  
They act like imbeciles, too;

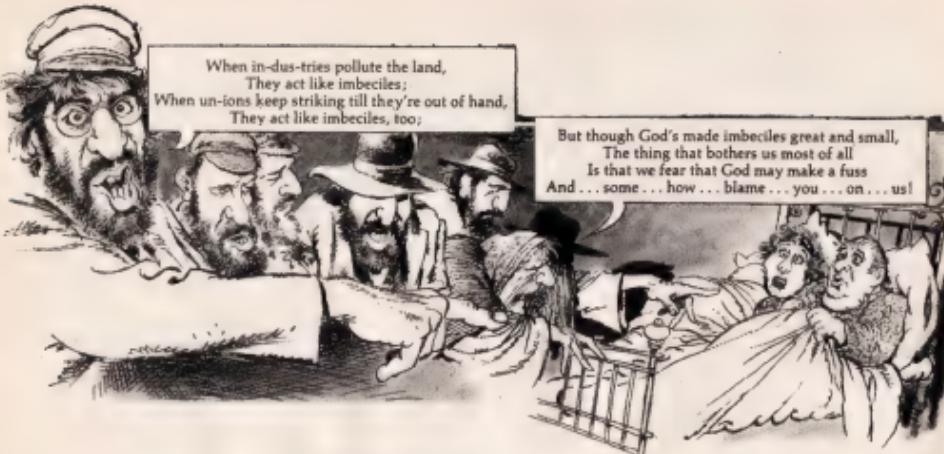


\*Reprise to the tune of "Miracle of Miracles"

But though God's seen imbeciles great and small,  
The most incredible thing of all  
Is that God might as well say he is through—  
None . . . will . . . e-ver . . . e-qual . . . you!

Dum-dum of dum-dums!  
Imbecile of imbeciles!  
Long years we suffered by the score;  
Then we looked here, you  
Imbecile of imbeciles;  
Now . . . we . . . suf-fer . . . e-ven . . . more!





# ONE EVENING IN SPAIN

DON MARTIN DEPT.





INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE  
SCENES AT YOUR LOCAL

# POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE  
WRITTEN BY: DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

My electric bill seems abnormally high this month! Would you please explain your billing system?

Certainly, Madam! You see, you buy electric energy on the basis of metered kilowatts ... which is the total amount of voltage supplied minus the amperage consumed with a reciprocal allowance for unknown conductances calculated.

Could you put that in layman's terms!

Sure! If you don't pay your bill by Monday, we shut off your power!

S'long, Charlie! I'm goin' out to read meters now!

But, Sid! It's only 9 o'clock! Better wait a few hours! Some people might still be AWAKE!



That's right, folks! The Smiths use oil to heat their home, and last year their heating bill was \$1,245.00! The Joneses, who use electricity to heat their home, only spent \$122.50 last year . . .

I sure hope nobody finds out that the Smiths live in Nome, Alaska, and the Joneses live in Miami, Florida!

Okay, men, the results of the "Blackout Poll" are in! We've got 19 votes to have it in the middle of "All In The Family" . . . 15 votes to have it during the last 10 minutes of "The Mystery Movie Of The Week" . . . and Bert Crocker wants it for two hours in the middle of the night so everybody's alarm is off and they're late for work the next morning and they're all fired!



Hey, Harry! Pick any four numbers from one to ten?

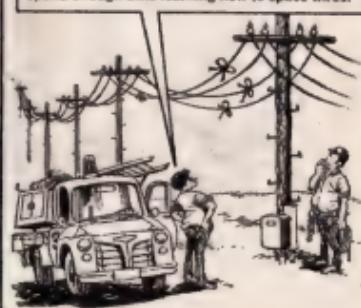
Okay! 7—8—3—2! What are they for?

It's the meter reading I'm putting down on the Baxter's bill! I never got to their house last month!

We haven't gotten one of those nasty letters from Mrs. Nickerson for several months! I think I'll credit her payment to the Johnson's again!



I really don't think they're letting the new guys spend enough time learning how to splice wires!



Okay, Gentlemen! Here's our Advertising Campaign for this year: We'll sponsor five big million-dollar TV Specials, run full page ads in every newspaper and magazine in the country, and send out fancy color brochures with every bill! And our new theme will be: "Your Electric Company Spends Its Money Wisely!"



Did you hear the good news? We've just been authorized a \$750,000 tax write-off so we can modernize our equipment!

Great! We'll put a new bar in the Executive Cocktail Lounge, expand the Executive Swimming Pool, and build a new Indoor Executive Parking Facility!



I'm new here!  
How come the  
Electric Company  
pushes "cordless  
appliances?"

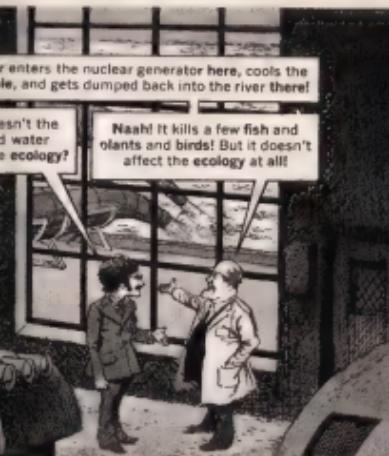
Because after you run one, it takes twice as much electricity to recharge it as it would've taken to run a regular appliance for the same length of time!

PORTABLE!  
CONVENIENT!  
**USE THE NEW  
CORDLESS  
APPLIANCES**

The water enters the nuclear generator here, cools the atomic pile, and gets dumped back into the river there!

But doesn't the heated water affect the ecology?

Nah! It kills a few fish and plants and birds! But it doesn't affect the ecology at all!



We got the authorization from Washington! We can increase our monthly rates by \$175,000!

That's not so much!

Per block???

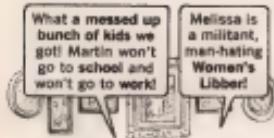
We gotta be seen lurking around this neighborhood for another week! There are still a few holdouts who refuse to leave their lights on all night to ward off crime!



## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# PERMISSIVENESS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



What a messed up bunch of kids we got! Martin won't go to school and won't go to work!

Melissa is a militant, man-hating Women's Libber!



And Billy's a man-loving Gay Activist!

And Stephanie is a regular Typhoid Mary spreading VD wherever she goes!



There's one thing I want to know!

There's one thing I want to know, too!



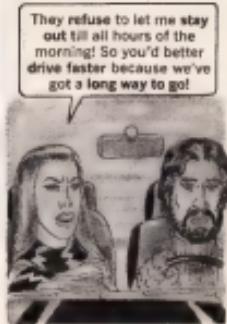
WHERE DID YOU GO WRONG?



I've got the **worst** parents  
in the whole world! They're  
so old-fashioned and strict!



They refuse to let me stay  
out till all hours of the  
morning! So you'd better  
drive faster because we've  
got a long way to go!



I **MUST** be in the  
house by a definite  
time . . . and not  
**ONE MINUTE LATER!**

Gee! How  
horrible!  
What time  
is that?



**3 A.M.!!**



Where are you going?

Out!

What are you doing?

Nothing!



No wonder kids today are  
spoiled rotten! Every time  
you ask her those questions  
she gives you the same dumb  
nebulous answers! Why don't  
you become a strong Father  
and assert your authority!



Okay, I will . . . !

**JUST WHERE DO  
YOU THINK  
YOU'RE GOING???**

**AND WHAT  
EXACTLY ARE  
YOU DOING???**

**OUT!!**

**NOTHING!!**



There! You can't accuse  
me of being a weak  
Father **NOW!**



I was a deprived kid, so I was determined that my kids would have everything I never had!



Now, my children have everything I never had!



I worked like a horse, and I finally made it!



Drug addiction, venereal disease, loss of identity, aimlessness . . . and a long list of Police arrests!



I DON'T CARE  
WHAT YOU THINK,  
I'M GONNA DO  
IT ANYWAY!



If I'd shouted at my Father like that, he'd have taken off his belt and whipped me bloody! How come you let your Son shout at you that way?

What else can I do . . . ?



The "Generation Gap" has become so WIDE . . .



. . . the only way we can communicate is to shout!



But so far they haven't  
hassled me! Because if  
they ever did, I'd stop  
living with the tall,  
handsome blond fella ...



Oh! You want me to be the heavy!  
You want your child to love you?  
Well, I want my child to love me!  
Everybody wants to be loved! So  
if we do it, we do it together!!



Dear, speaking  
for your Mother  
and myself, we  
think you're too  
young to smoke!

I'M NOT TOO  
YOUNG! I'M  
FIFTEEN! AND  
I HATE THE  
BOTH OF YOU!



Why are you hating  
ME? I didn't say  
it! HE did!







Well, Miss Woodstock Generation!  
So tell me, what terrible things  
did you do at the Rock Festival?

Nuthin'!



When you say  
"Nothing!",  
that means  
"Something!"  
What did  
you do?



If you must  
know, I went  
skinny dipping  
in the lake  
with a bunch  
of fellahs!

OH, MY GOD!  
WHAT A FILTHY,  
DISGUSTING  
THING TO DO!!

Oh, Mom—  
stop being  
such a  
prude!

What prude!!! That  
lake is POLLUTED!!



I have the cruelest  
parents in the world!



No matter how much  
I provoke them, they  
won't punish me!



Instead, they make me  
sit down and TALK IT  
OVER FOR HOURS



That's the cruelest  
punishment of all!!



What kids today are doing  
is testing us adults to see  
how far they can go! But I  
fooled my kids! I used  
reverse psychology on them!



When my Sally threatened to run off to some Commune, I said, "Go ahead, see if I care!" When my Jerry threatened to go on drugs, I said, "Go ahead, see if I care!" And when my Laura threatened to become a Militant Activist, I said, "Go ahead, see if I care!"



They learned!  
Nobody fools  
around with  
me! I was a  
Psychology  
Major!

Gee . . . you  
ARE smart!  
How did your  
kids react to  
your cunning  
maneuvers?



Sally ran away . . . Jerry's  
hooked on heroin . . . and  
Laura's fire bombing banks!

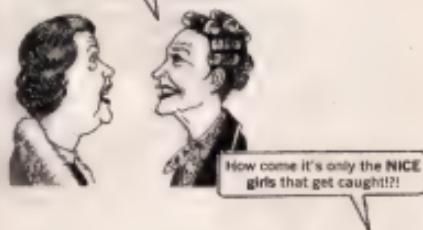


Today, with all this new  
sexual permissiveness,  
there are so many **BAD  
GIRLS** running around!



And the worst of it is,  
they get AWAY with it!

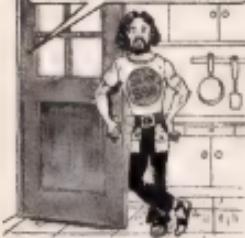
On the other hand, take the  
case of my Niece! She's only  
18! Twice, now, she's become  
pregnant . . . and twice, now,  
she's had to have an abortion!



How come it's only the **NICE**  
girls that get caught??!



Maybe the trouble is we never  
gave you any responsibilities  
around the house . . . like  
chores and things like that!



The least you  
could do is  
help me now!



What do  
you want  
from me? !?



I'm holding the door  
for you, aren't I? !?

I'm going to the greatest  
school! We can take any  
courses we want!



So I worked out a real "fun"  
program: "Ceramics," "Flower  
Arrangements," "Snorkeling"  
and "Basket Weaving"!



Oh, wow! That's wild! What  
do you expect to be when  
you graduate?

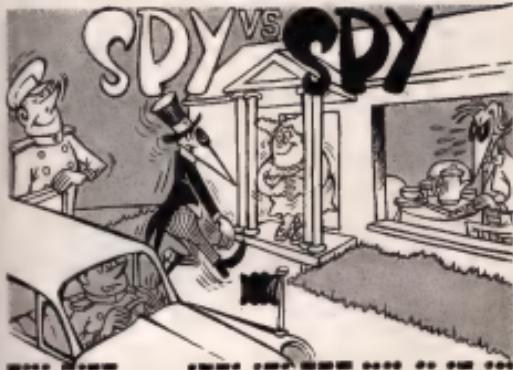


Unemployed!!





## JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.





SCREEN PLAQUES DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go again with another MAD "Hate Book" ... those little literary gems calculated to help you feel better by letting you blow off steam about your pet hates. This one is designed for all you TV Viewers out there, and is called (quite naturally) ...



# THE MAD TV VIEWERS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**

. . . portable sets that seem light enough when quick-lifted in the store, but turn out to be designed for weight-lifters when actually used.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**

. . . commercials that are bad enough when seen once, but which are repeated *ad nauseum* throughout the day.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**

. . . the idiocy of advertising the wonders of color TV on TV, since you can't see it if you don't have a color TV set . . . and it's a waste of time if you already do.



**DON'T YOU HATE . . .**

. . . discovering that kids eating peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches were using the TV set before you.



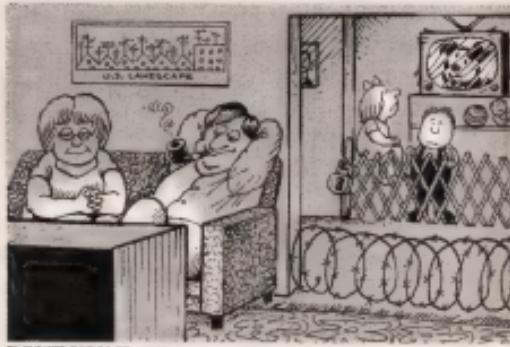
DON'T YOU HATE ...

... when everyone is talking about the greatest show ever presented on TV, and you're the only one that missed it



DON'T YOU HATE ...

... self-service tube-testing machines that are about as accurate as a \$2.00 watch.



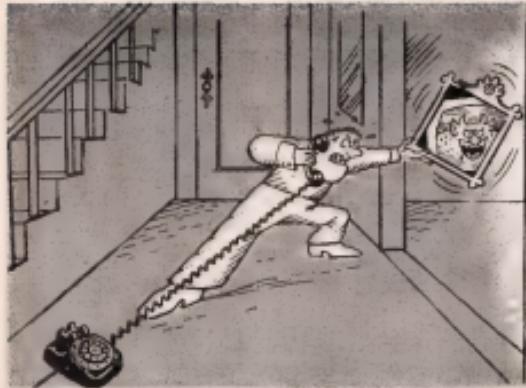
DON'T YOU HATE ...

... parents who buy a big new color set for themselves and put the old black-and-white set in the playroom for the kids.



DON'T YOU HATE ...

... when somebody says, "And now, let's pause a moment for station identification!" and what you get is nine consecutive commercials.



**DON'T YOU HATE ...**

... getting an important phone call during the final minutes of a fascinating mystery you've been watching for two hours.



**DON'T YOU HATE ...**

... the distracting nuisance of TV in public places.



**DON'T YOU HATE ...**

... unexpected company just as you're settling down to watch a program you've waited three weeks to see.



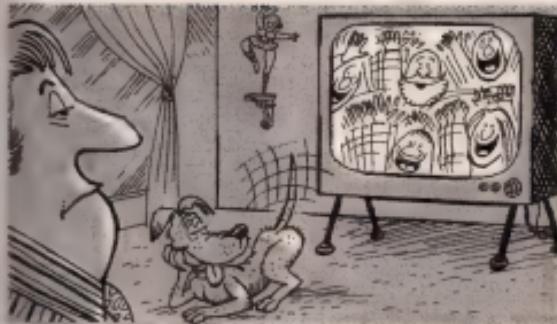
**DON'T YOU HATE ...**

... talk shows that break for six inane commercials just as a guest is about to make a dazzling point.



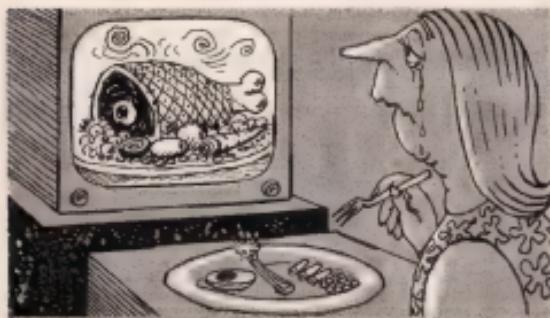
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . how they pile on commercials toward the end of a movie because they know you aren't likely to tune out after watching this long.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . people who wave like idiots when they see a TV camera.



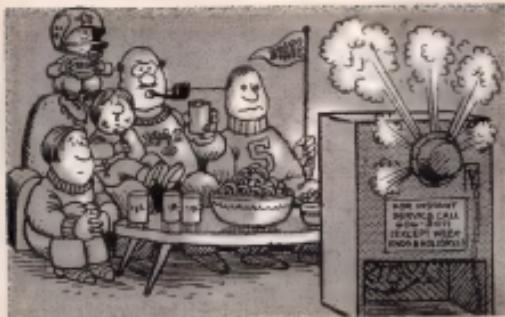
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . when they show one commercial after another of luscious, delicious-looking foods . . . and you're on a starvation diet.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . discovering, after hours of watching, that you can't make head or tail out of a movie because it's been so heavily censored for TV.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... settling down for a long weekend of great Championship Sports, and the picture tube blows on the very first play.



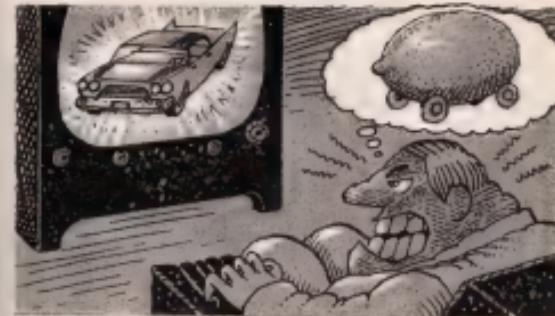
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... having younger children in the family who somehow manage to remove and misplace every knob on the set.



**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... holding out as long as you can, finally going to the bathroom, and coming back too late to even see the replay of the winning touchdown.



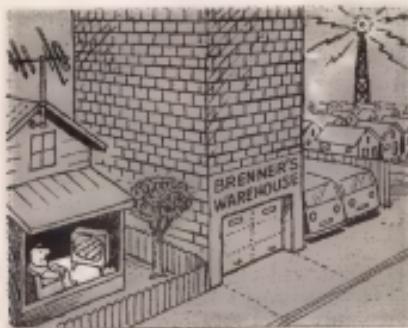
**DON'T YOU HATE...**

... watching a commercial extolling the virtues of a product you just bought which is the biggest mistake you've ever made.



DON'T YOU HATE ...

... finding out that those bleeped out words on a show you saw weren't anywhere near as filthy as the one's you'd conjured up.



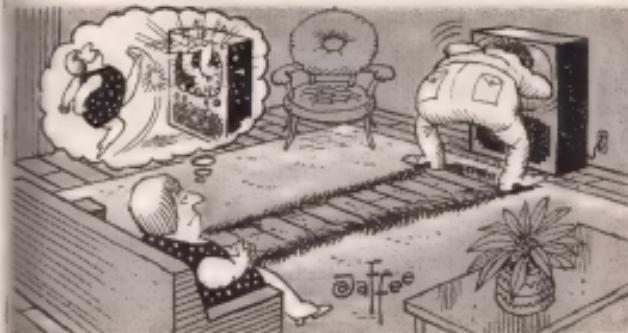
DON'T YOU HATE ...

... that huge building that's suddenly erected right between you and all the TV transmitters.



DON'T YOU HATE ...

... meals prepared by Mothers addicted to Daytime TV.



DON'T YOU HATE ...

... people who are never satisfied with the way a set is tuned.

THE WED MENACE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

# WEDDINGS



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

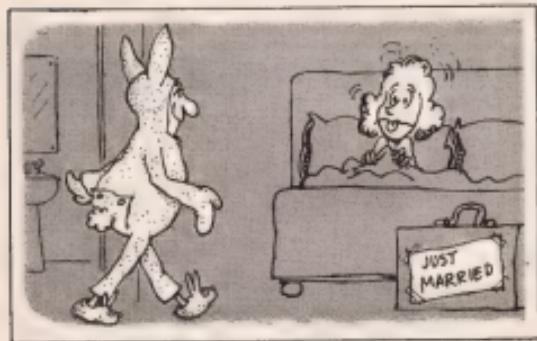








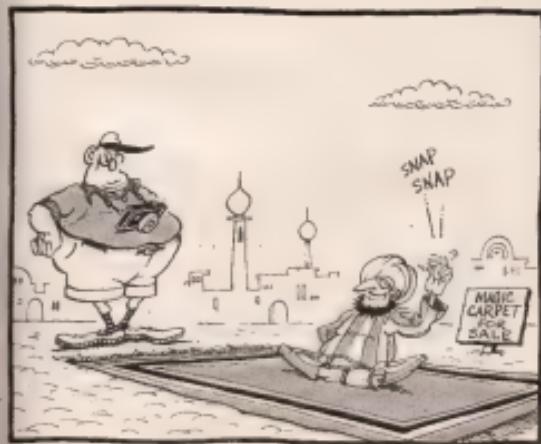


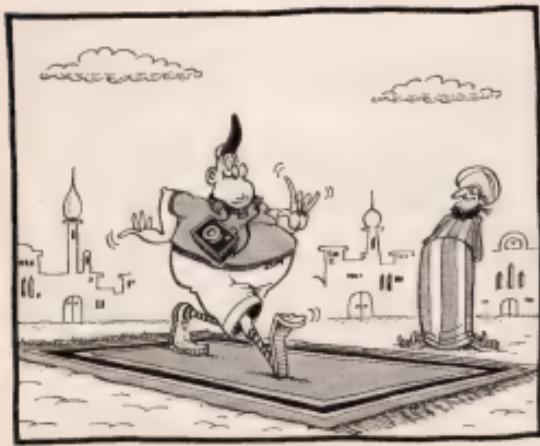


DON MARTIN DEPT.



# ONE MORNING IN MARRAKESH





OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPT.

Hey, diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle  
Are heading for death and destruction;  
Let's hope that they read  
All the rhymes that succeed  
This ridiculous Mad introduction . . . to



MAD'S  
ECOLOGY  
MOTHER  
GOOSE

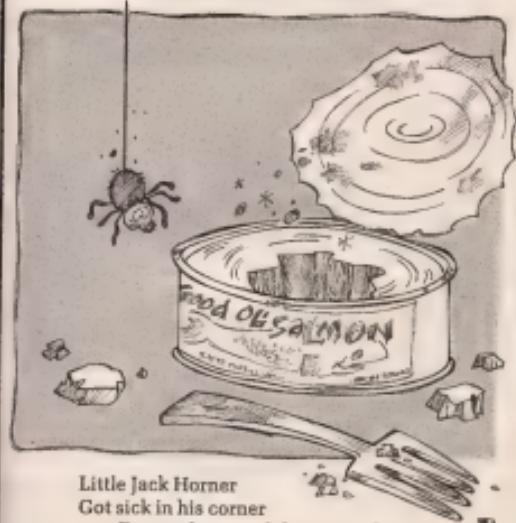
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.  
VERSE: FRANK JACOBS  
IDEA: M. S. PINKHAM

### Little Miss Muffet



Little Miss Muffet  
Collapaeed on her tuffet  
From swordfish and died in a minute;  
Along came a spider  
Who knelt down beside her  
And said, "T"was the mercury in it."

### Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner  
Got sick in his corner  
From salmon and therupon fainted;  
The spider inspected  
The brand Jack selected  
And said, "Seems like everything's tainted."

## Solomon Grundy



Solomon Grundy, breathed on Monday,  
Wheezed on Tuesday, sneezed on Wednesday,  
Coughed on Thursday, gasped on Friday,  
Gagged on Saturday, heaved on Sunday,  
And that was a good week for Solomon Grundy.

## Five Great Lakes



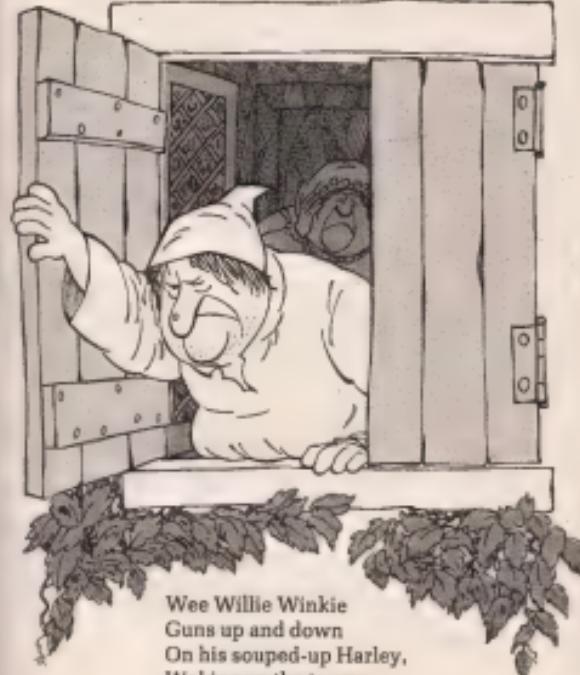
Five great lakes;  
Five great lakes;  
See what we've done!  
See what we've done!  
The fish are all dead 'cause pollution's rife;  
You can cut through the scum with a carving knife;  
Did you ever see such a blight in your life  
As five great lakes?

## Sing a Song of Spillage



Sing a song of spillage—  
A tanker's fouled the shore;  
Four-and-twenty black birds—  
They were white before.

## Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie  
Guns up and down  
On his souped-up Harley,  
Waking up the town;  
If you think that Willie  
Makes a racket, Mister,  
Wait till Willie's brother  
Turns on his transistor.

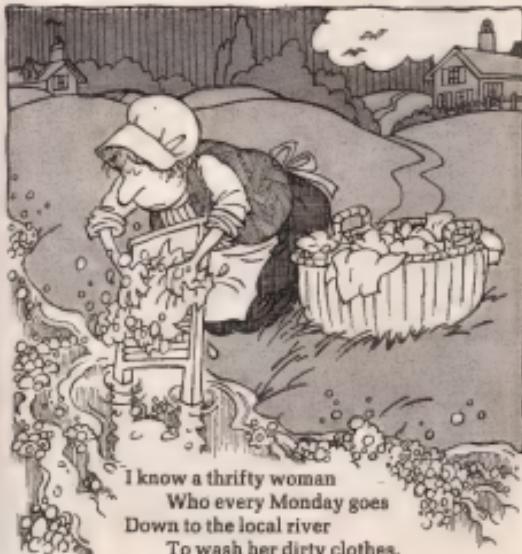
## Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are?  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

Well, I'll tell you, little star,  
I can't tell you what you are;  
With the smoke and haze and pall  
I'm not sure you're there at all.

## I Know A Thrifty Woman



I know a thrifty woman  
Who every Monday goes  
Down to the local river  
To wash her dirty clothes.

She never buys detergents  
To clean her filthy duds  
Because she knows the river  
Is filled with gobs of suds.

She really must be thrifty  
In order to ignore  
The fact the suds she's using  
Were used by folks before.

## Four Little Tigers



Four little tigers  
Sitting in a tree;  
One became a lady's coat—  
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers  
'Neath a sky of blue;  
One became a rich man's rug—  
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers  
Sleeping in the sun;  
One a hunter's trophy made—  
Now there's only one.

One little tiger  
Waiting to be had;  
Oops! He got the hunter first—  
Aren't you kind of glad?

## Little Bo-Peep



Little Bo-Peep  
Has lost her sheep  
And thinks they may be roaming;  
They haven't fled;  
They've all dropped dead  
From nerve gas in Wyoming.

## Murray Had A Smelting Plant



Murray had a smelting plant,  
Which made the people frown;  
For every time he poured out wastes  
He turned the river brown.



The people came to Murray's plant  
To show their opposition;  
But Murray laughed right in their face  
And tore up their petition.



The people took the case to court  
And Murray heard the judge  
Declare the plant must never more  
Pour out its icky sludge.



The judge invoked an ancient law  
From eighteen fifty-nine,  
Which meant that Murray had to pay  
A fifteen-dollar fine.



Should Murray not obey the law,  
It's good to know that when  
He's hauled back in he'll have to pay  
That fifteen bucks again.

## If All Of The Gum



If all of the gum that people chewed  
Was stuck beneath a chair—  
If all of the trash that people burned  
Was blown into the air—  
If all of the slums that slumlords owned  
Were left to rot away—  
Then you would know for sure, my lad,  
You're in the U.S.A.

## Hickety, Pickety



Hickety, pickety, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen;  
Of course, it's very good indeed  
They don't know what goes in her feed.

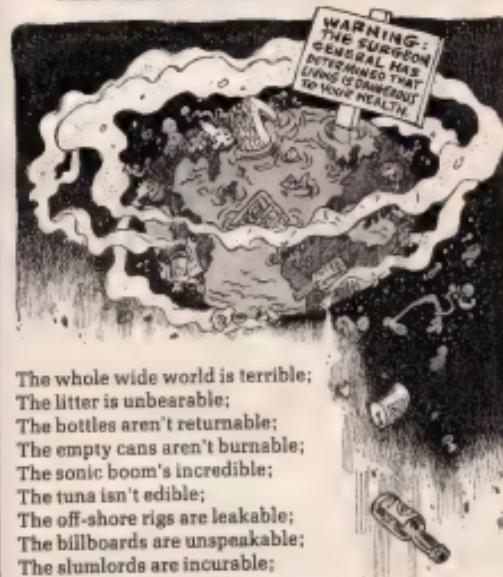
## Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;  
Humpty Dumpty smoked a Pall Mall;  
All of the doctors told Humpty that he  
Must quit or he'd never live past 33.

Humpty Dumpty said, "I shall quit";  
Humpty Dumpty smoked not a bit;  
Humpty from smog is beginning to choke;  
What the hell, Humpty! You might as well smoke!

## The Whole Wide World Is Terrible



The whole wide world is terrible;  
The litter is unbearable;  
The bottles aren't returnable;  
The empty cans aren't burnable;  
The sonic boom's incredible;  
The tuna isn't edible;  
The off-shore rigs are leakable;  
The billboards are unspeakable;  
The slumlords are incurable;  
The smog is unendurable;  
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;  
The problems don't seem solvable;  
The mess is unforgivable;  
Let's face it—life's unlivable.

## TIGHTENING THE MONEY BELT DEPT.

You've heard of "Inner City Poverty" and "Appalachian Poverty" and "Old Age Poverty." And yet, millions of our citizens are being inflicted with another kind of poverty. We're referring, of course, to the great American Middle Class...working...paying bills and taxes...and somehow, just about making it through from payday to payday! They know—and you know—we all know that...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

# MIDDLE

# CLASS POVERTY

# IS...

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

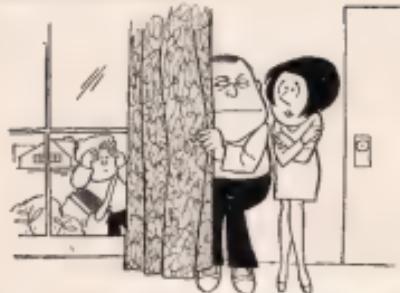


...encouraging your daughter and her fiancee to elope.



...having to wait to read the latest best seller until it comes out in paperback.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...hiding inside your \$30,000 house because you don't have the money to pay the paper boy.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...sitting all alone at the end of the bar so you won't have to buy a round for your friends.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...having lunch with clients on your Company's expense account

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...and having lunch on your own.

### MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...wearing an old suit from 1948 and hoping it looks like the new mod style.

### MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



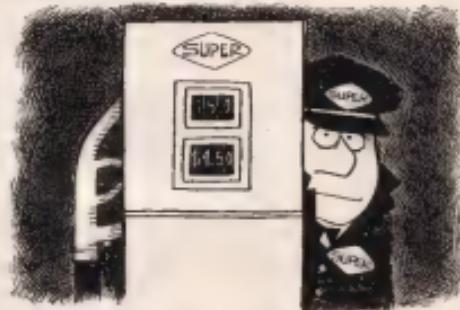
...receiving compliments from your friends on your antique furniture... and you never even knew you owned any antiques.

### MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...expounding the virtues of your new little economy car to your neighbors... when you actually were dying for a Cadillac.

### MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...getting a moonlighting job at your local gas station, and hoping none of your neighbors show up.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



... pouring a Brand-X Scotch into  
an empty fifth of the good stuff.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



... spending your vacation just relaxing at home.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



... having to return something to the shelf at the Supermarket.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



... discovering an expensive restaurant is not on the Diners' Club.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



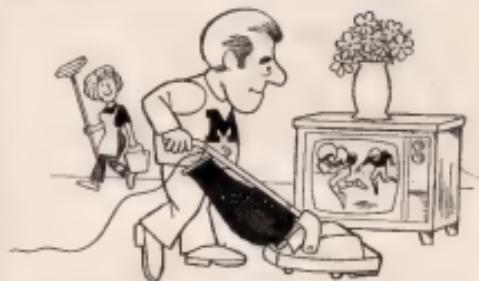
...watching the President on TV announcing that the recession is over...the same day you were canned.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...having to say "No!" to a girl scout.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...helping your working wife clean the house on Saturday.

**MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...**



...not being able to scream at your kid to get a haircut because you can't spare the three bucks.

MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...



...spending a quiet evening at home  
reading your time payment books.

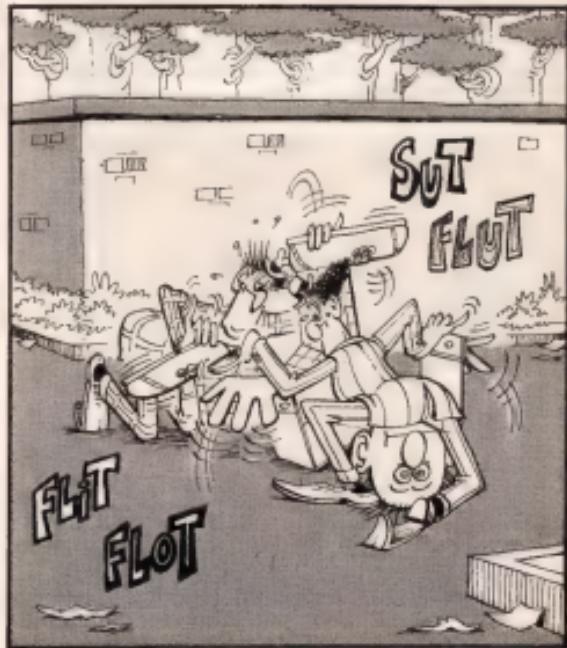
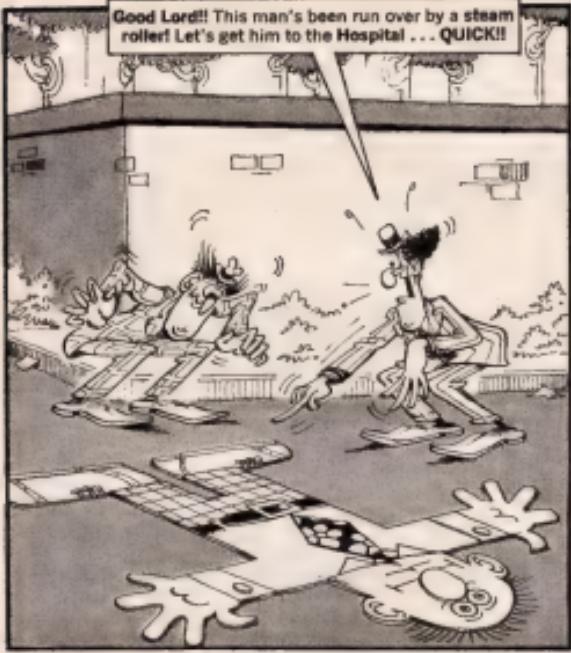
MIDDLE CLASS POVERTY IS...

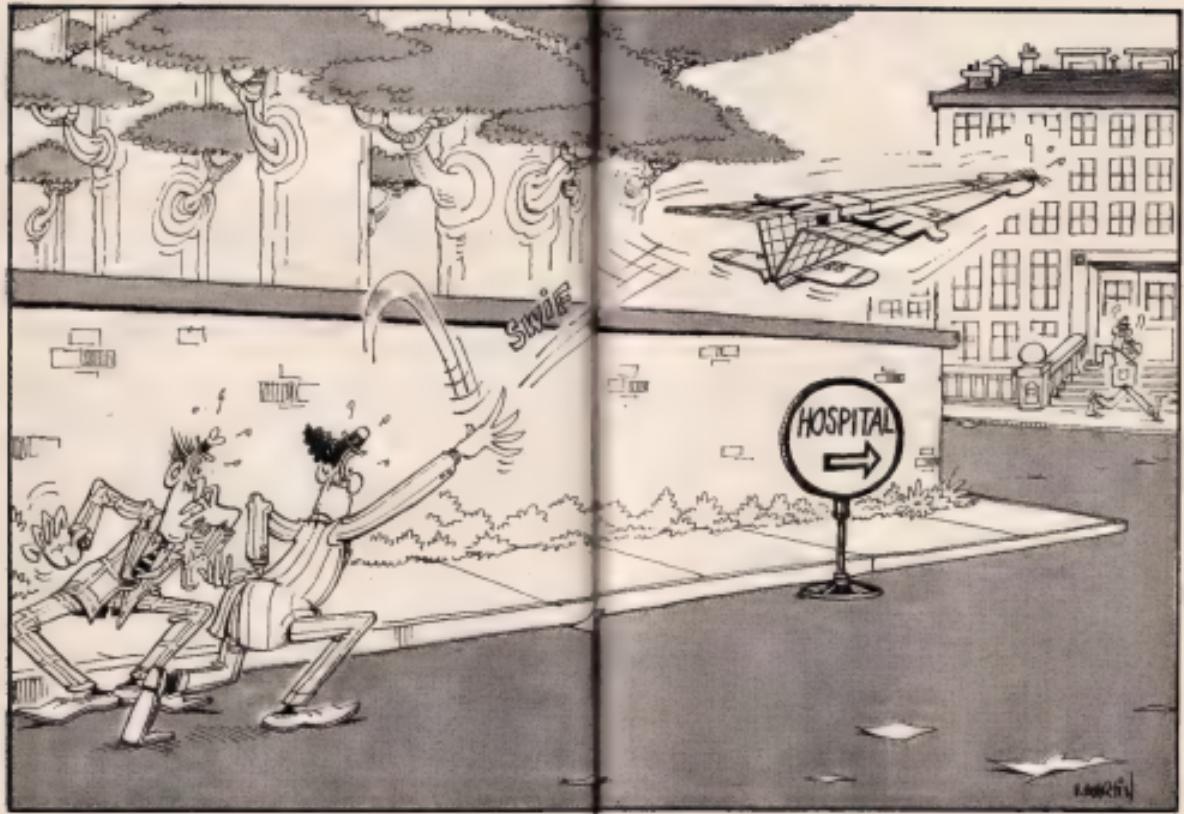


...being a contributor to MAD Magazine.

ONE  
TUESDAY  
MORNING

Good Lord!! This man's been run over by a steam roller! Let's get him to the Hospital ... QUICK!!





## A WORSE MOUSETRAP DEPT.

The big corporations have always depended upon "Planned Obsolescence", the calculated rapid breakdown in acceptable design and performance of their products, to keep their coffers filled. Planned Obsolescence boosts sales and profits by insuring quick replacement of worn-out or outmoded items. Recently, consumer crusaders like Ralph Nader have been exposing the despicable practice of Planned Obsolescence in the automobile and appliance fields. But the use of Planned Obsolescence in less spectacular, but no less important products, that the average consumer cannot do without, has been totally ignored. And so, to fill the gap, here's a MAD report on

# PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE IN EVERYDAY PRODUCTS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

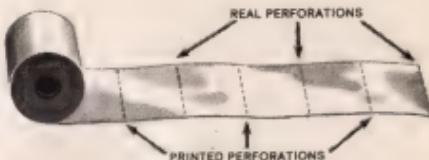
## PAPERBACK BOOKS



Most paperback book publishers equip their products with special "one-use" bindings made from rigid-drying glue which limit books to one reader. When buyer first opens

the book and turns the pages, binding is broken half-way. When book is closed, binding is broken rest of the way. The next time the book is opened, all the pages fall out.

## TOILET PAPER

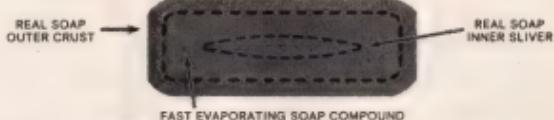


Careful examinations have disclosed that perforations alternate between real ones and phony ones. Phony ones are only printed on. Thus, when consumer gives normal yank, five feet of tissue cascades onto floor. Since consumer never suspects real reason, he vows time and again to be more careful next time. Of course, tissue on floor is discarded...and roll goes fast that way.

## SOAP



NEWLY UNWRAPPED



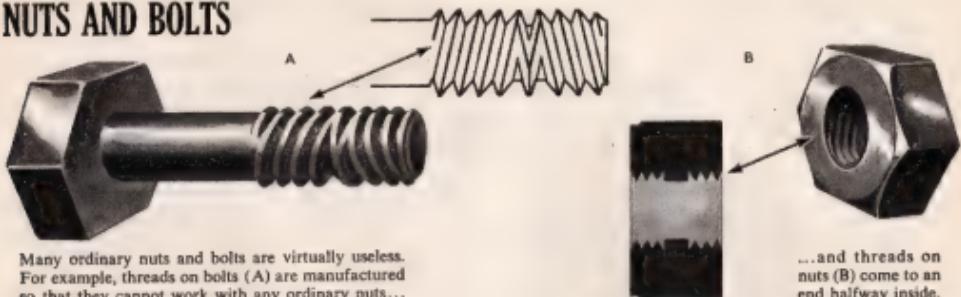
2 DAYS LATER

5 DAYS LATER

Most bars of soap will turn into slivers in about 5 days whether soap is used or not. This is due to presence of

"fast evaporating soap compound"—located between normal outer crust and inner sliver—which is dissolved by air.

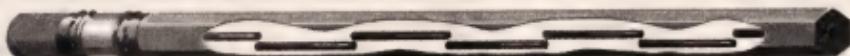
## NUTS AND BOLTS



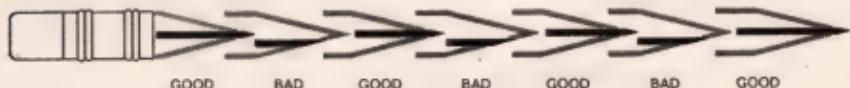
Many ordinary nuts and bolts are virtually useless. For example, threads on bolts (A) are manufactured so that they cannot work with any ordinary nuts...

...and threads on nuts (B) come to an end halfway inside.

## PENCILS



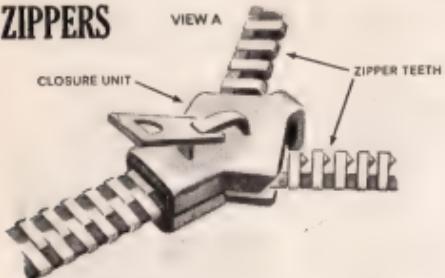
Investigation shows how lead is placed in many pencils today, and the kinds of points you get when you sharpen them.



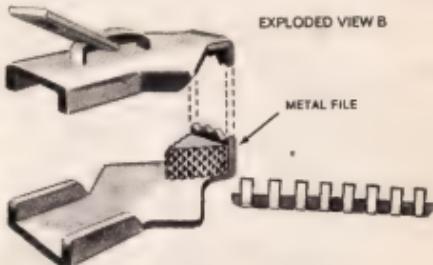
Note that every other point is bad. As a result, when the consumer sharpens pencil, he keeps doing it until he gets

a good point. Thus, he uses up this pencil twice as fast as a well-made one, and the sharpener is usually blamed.

## ZIPPERS

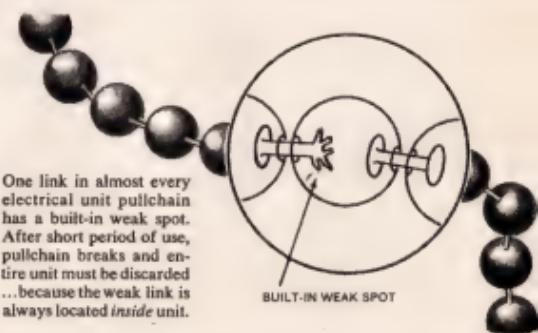
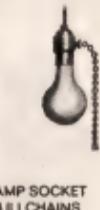


The zipper is so foolproof that it could be made to last forever. But what good would that be? So, as in exploded view (B) above, we see how a carefully placed metal file



in every closure unit goes to work on the zipper teeth as it moves up and down over them, wearing them out quickly. This causes gapping, jamming and—best of all—replacing!

## ELECTRICAL UNIT PULLCHAINS



One link in almost every electrical unit pullchain has a built-in weak spot. After short period of use, pullchain breaks and entire unit must be discarded ...because the weak link is always located *inside* unit.

## ADHESIVE TAPES

TAPE COATED WITH  
REGULAR ADHESIVE

TAPE COATED WITH  
SPECIAL ADHESIVE



First three feet of most adhesive tapes are coated with the normal adhesive and unrolled easily. But after that, a special adhesive is used which has been designed to stick

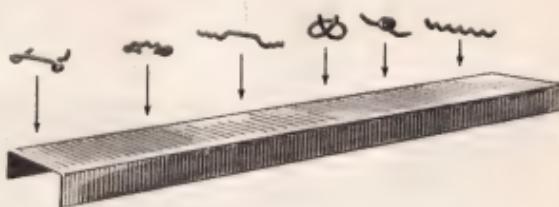


best to tape itself. This makes it virtually impossible to remove more than one inch of tape at a time, and the disgusted consumer, thinking it's just old, buys new roll.

## STAPLES



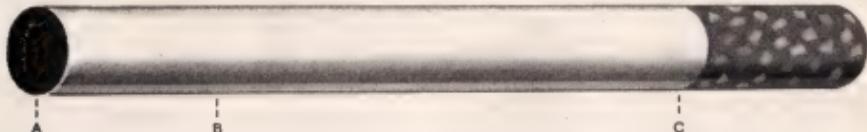
Most bars of staples look perfectly innocent. But every third staple is actually made of soft, inferior wire that



can't penetrate even one sheet of paper. It simply turns into one of the grotesque shapes shown and is discarded.

## CIGARETTES

Most new long cigarettes actually burn down more quickly than old shorter types, thanks to specially-developed tobacco.

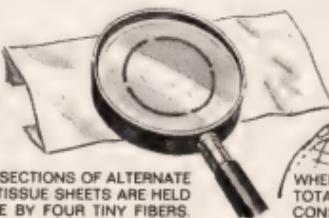


TOBACCO BETWEEN "A"  
AND "B" IS REGULAR  
SLOW-BURNING KIND

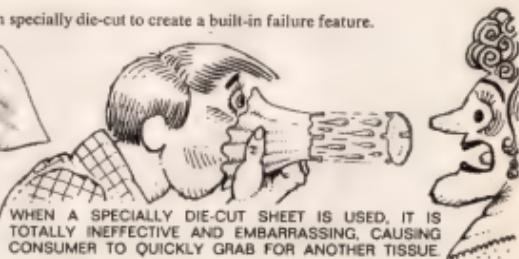
TOBACCO BETWEEN "B" AND "C" IS SPECIALLY-DEVELOPED NEW TYPE  
(IMPREGNATED WITH PARTICLES OF GUN POWDER) WHICH BURNS DOWN  
IN A SPLIT SECOND SO CONSUMER QUICKLY LIGHTS UP ANOTHER ONE.

## FACIAL TISSUES

Alternate sheets of many brands of facial tissues have been specially die-cut to create a built-in failure feature.



CENTER SECTIONS OF ALTERNATE  
FACIAL TISSUE SHEETS ARE HELD  
IN PLACE BY FOUR TINY FIBERS.



WHEN A SPECIALLY DIE-CUT SHEET IS USED, IT IS  
TOTALLY INEFFECTIVE AND EMBARRASSING, CAUSING  
CONSUMER TO QUICKLY GRAB FOR ANOTHER TISSUE.

## TEABAGS



Many teabags are made with secret openings that are cleverly concealed to prevent discovery by inspection. These openings are sealed with a non-toxic glue that dissolves in hot water.



When secret opening is unsealed, tea leaves escape into the water, and unwary consumer is forced to dump it out and start all over with a new tea bag.

## NAILS

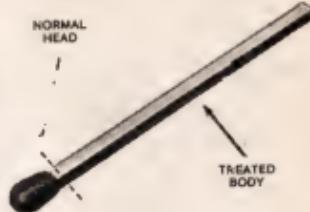


A close scrutiny of the nails offered for sale to home workshop buffs reveals that a high percentage of them may look normal but are actually manufactured with a  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch



section of soft lead ("A" to "B") which bends under impact of first hammer blow. Amateur carpenter naively thinks it is his bad aim, pulls out bent nail and uses another one.

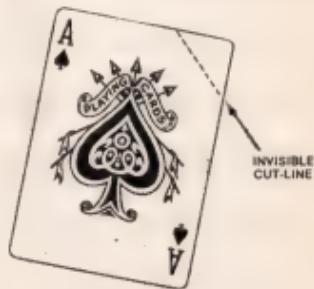
## MATCHES



Many matches when struck, spark, sputter and then go out. User thinks match is wet and takes another one! Actually,

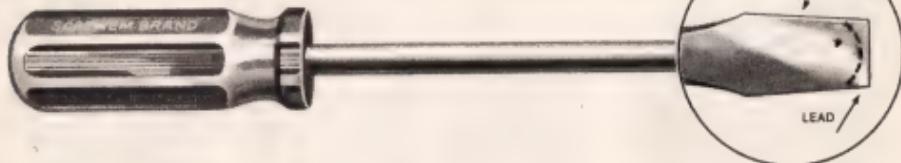
match has been treated with a flameproof chemical! A box of 50% bad matches like these gets used up mighty fast.

## PLAYING CARDS



It's a well-known fact that one bad card ruins an entire deck. That is why many card manufacturers place invisible cut-lines on corners of one or two cards in each deck. Corners break off after a few short hours of play. Card players attribute breaks to clumsy oaf partners and innocently go out and buy new decks.

## SCREWDRIVERS



Today, many screwdrivers are made with a soft lead tip so it looks like it has a clean, square edge before use. But

after one use, tip ends up looking like rounded fingernail ...and is about equally as effective for driving screws.

## SANDPAPER



Normal sandpaper is made with tiny particles of ordinary sand which has sharp cutting edges that last a reasonable time. Many companies are turning out sandpaper made with

ENLARGED CROSS-SECTION OF NORMAL SANDPAPER AFTER TEN MINUTES USE

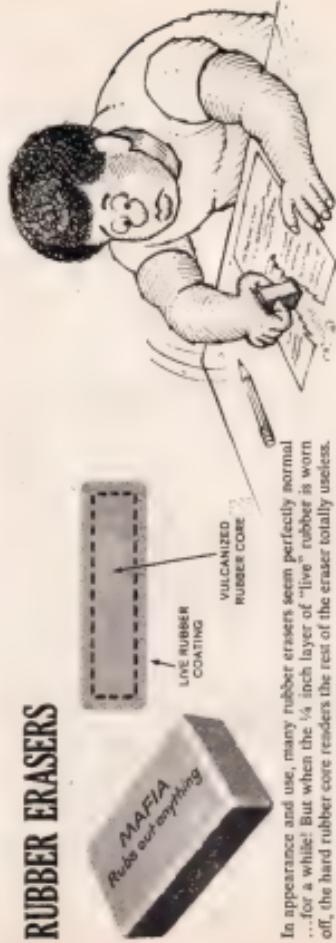


ENLARGED CROSS-SECTION OF PLASTIC SANDPAPER AFTER TEN MINUTES USE



tiny particles of simulated sand (plastic) which wears flat in no time. Buyer must replace it or wear himself down faster than he'll ever wear down what he's sanding.

## RUBBER ERASERS



In appearance and use, many rubber erasers seem perfectly normal ...for a while! But when the  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch layer of "live" rubber is worn off, the hard rubber core renders the rest of the eraser totally useless.

## INSECT ASIDES DEPT.

# MAD "BUGS" THE INSECT WORLD



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.  
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

## SOLDIER ANTS

### COCKROACHES



Hey, how does a guy get out of this chicken outfit??!



### LADY BUGS

### BLACK WIDOW SPIDERS



Nonsense! Freckles are very attractive!



## BUTTERFLIES

Oh, it's just a little thing  
I picked up during metamorphosis!



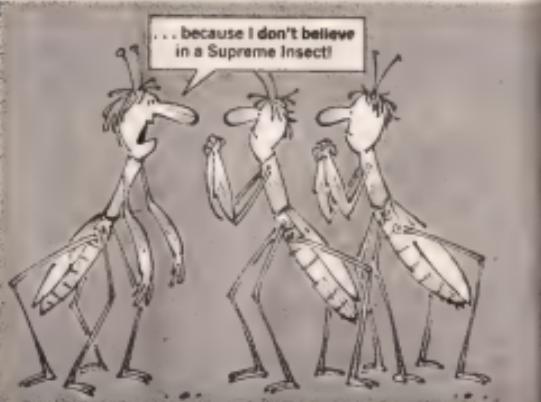
## HONEY BEES

Why can't you run  
your own sex lives?

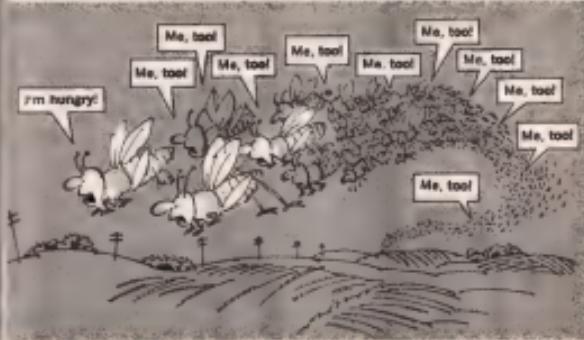


## PRAYING MANTISES

... because I don't believe  
in a Supreme Insect!



## LOCUSTS



## FIREFLIES



## CENTIPEDES



## MOSQUITOES



## INCHWORMS



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# LEISURE TIME



Do you realize that we'll soon be working a four-day week, then a three-day week, then a one-day week? And finally, technology will take over altogether?

Then, the Government will actually have to pay us NOT to work! And when that happens, what are you going to do??

Don't worry! We'll still be plenty busy . . .

...striking for higher pay!





Because husbands and wives  
get to see more of each  
other, get to know each  
other better, and get to  
know other people better!



And that's  
good for my  
business!

What IS  
your  
business?

I'm a DIVORCE LAWYER!!



Forget it! I'd be afraid  
to walk to class!





Let me see . . . on Monday, I have my Painting Class! Tuesday is my Mah Jongg game! Wednesday is golf! Thursday is P.T.A. meeting! Friday is theater night . . .



. . . and on week-ends, we're at the house on Candlewood Lake . . .



WITH ALL THAT TO DO . . .  
WHO'S GOT TIME  
FOR LEISURE?





You work harder on your job than any ten men I know! And in the evenings, week-ends, and even on your vacations, you take work home with you!



Why can't you learn to relax! You should take up a hobby!

A HOBBY!!!  
Now... I couldn't do that!



I'll tell you where it goes!  
Shorter working hours, long week-ends, holidays, and a three week vacation each year!



You mean, leisure time is expensive??

You bet it is! So what can you do about it??





Because all of MY "married-off" daughters are OFF MARRIAGE!



I—I AM sorry! I didn't mean to use such a cruel, unfeeling word! But you still deserve praise for volunteering so much of your time to them!



Well, my children are off to college or married... which leaves me a lot of free time! So if I didn't do something like this...





The TV set  
is on the  
blink! I'll  
call the  
Repair Man!

Don't call the  
Repair Man! You  
know how much  
he charged! I'll  
do it myself!



Let  
me  
call  
the  
Repair  
Man?

Don't call the Repair  
Man! This is the age  
of leisure time! This  
is the age of "Do-It-  
Yourself"! So I'll  
DO IT MYSELF!



Let  
me  
call  
the  
Repair  
Man!

This is also the age  
of highly complicated  
technology! Look at  
all those transistors  
and wires! Don't call the  
Repair Man ...



I'LL DO IT MYSELF!



So you quit school and  
you won't go to work!  
I tell you, no good  
will come of this!

Here  
we  
go  
again!



Remember ...  
"THE DEVIL  
FINDS WORK FOR  
IDLE HANDS!"

Boy, Norm!  
What a  
dumb  
cluck!



Now . . . will you get off my back? My  
friends are waiting for me in my room!





We crossed the great plains—  
no traffic! We drove through  
the Western deserts with the  
air conditioner on—no heat!  
We climbed up and down the  
Rockies—no snow! We followed the  
Pacific Palisades—no mist!

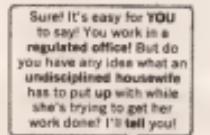


For months, he was a happy,  
enthusiastic, involved man!  
He looked forward to the  
week-ends and certain days  
during the week! His life  
had joy and real meaning!



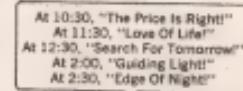


Yecch! This house is a MESS! Don't you ever clean up this place??



INTERRUPTIONS . . .  
INTERRUPTIONS . . . AND  
MORE INTERRUPTIONS!

### What interruptions?

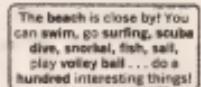


## **WHO CAN WORK UNDER THOSE CONDITIONS??**



Is that all  
you're going  
to do on your  
vacation . . . ?  
**SLEEP . . .**

Huh . . . ?  
(Uh—what  
ELSE  
is there  
to do?)



I guess you're right



**Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z ..**



Ancient Rome was once a mighty empire! Then the upper classes got too much leisure time! So they drank too much, got bombed out of their skulls, had orgies, and sank into decadence! Which is why Rome eventually fell!



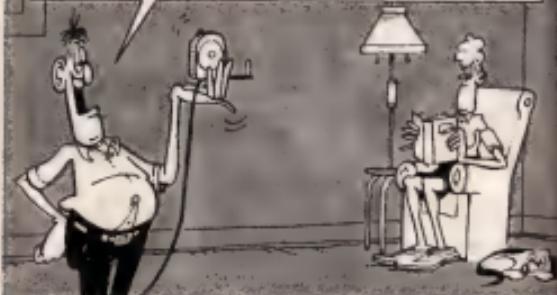
THERE'S NO TOOL LIKE AN OLD TOOL DEPT.

DON MARTIN'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH...

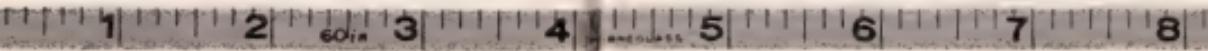
# NEW POWER TOOLS FOR THE HOME CRAFTSMAN

Look, Dear... my new, lightweight, electrically-extended-and-rewound, stainless steel, automated Power Tape Measure!

To find the distance from me to you, for example, I simply aim the Tape Measure and press this little button here...



That's all there is to it! The instant the magno-tipped hook-end makes contact, the Tape automatically re-winds itself, and the exact measurement appears in this window!



9

10

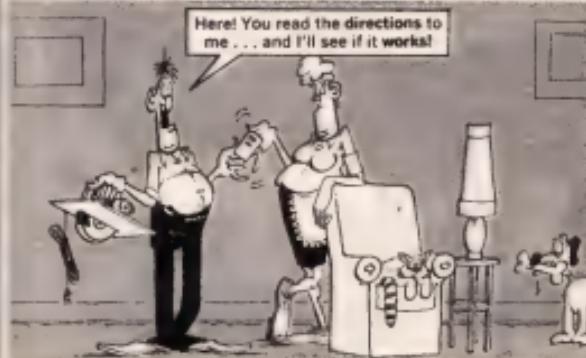
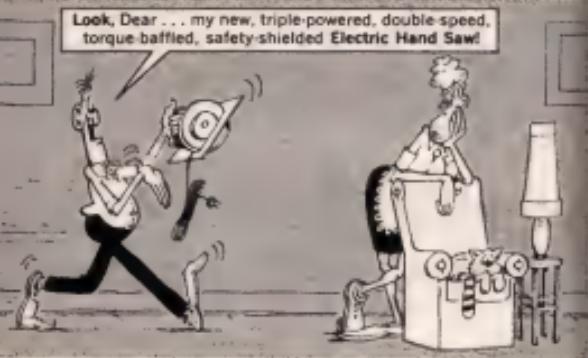
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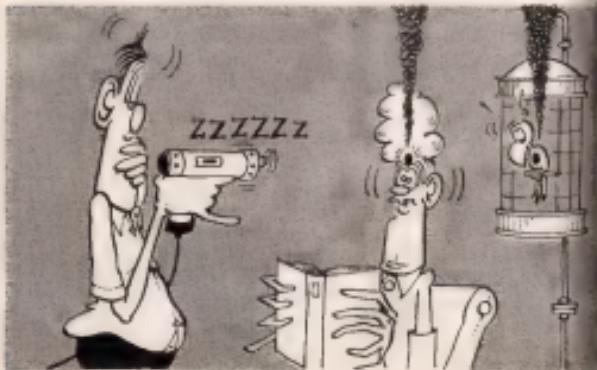
Look, Dear . . . my new, heat-insulated, super-speed Powered Hand Drill with the double-plated, radium-tipped Drill Bit!



Just a quick flip of the finger-tip switch  
... and I can drill through anything!!

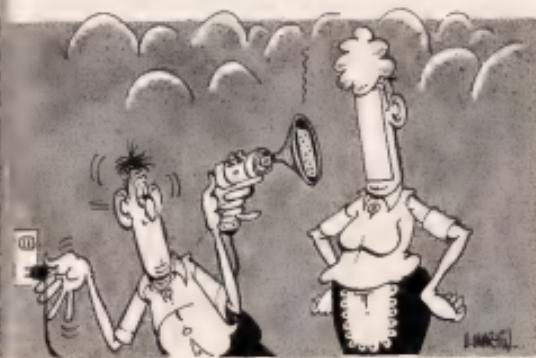
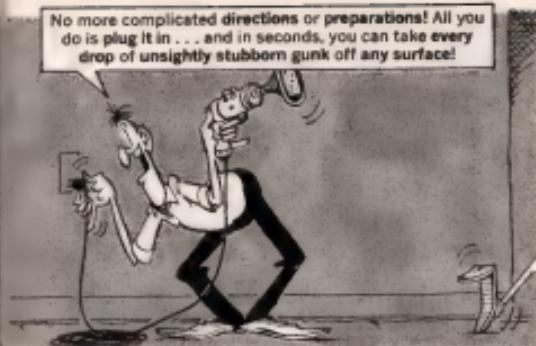
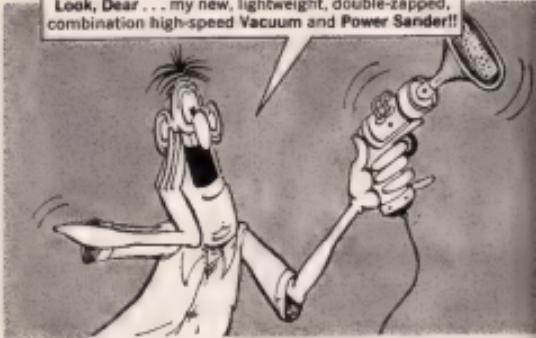


ZZZZZ



Look, Dear . . . my new, lightweight, double-zapped, combination high-speed Vacuum and Power Sander!!

No more complicated directions or preparations! All you do is plug it in . . . and in seconds, you can take every drop of unsightly stubborn gunk off any surface!



TO TELLY TRUTH DEPT.

# HOW COME ON TV...?

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD  
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



**HOW COME ON TV**, the sexy, gorgeous girl usually talks to the fellow first, and she always invites him up to her apartment for a home-cooked meal...or a drink...or...



**BUT WHEN YOU** make just one sly, witty remark to some ugly girl on the street, she immediately screams for the cops and has you arrested for making a lewd suggestion!



**HOW COME ON TV**, when a cook prepares a French gourmet meal of Duck a l'Orange with stuffed mushroom caps and Crêpes Suzette, there's never a dirty dish in sight...



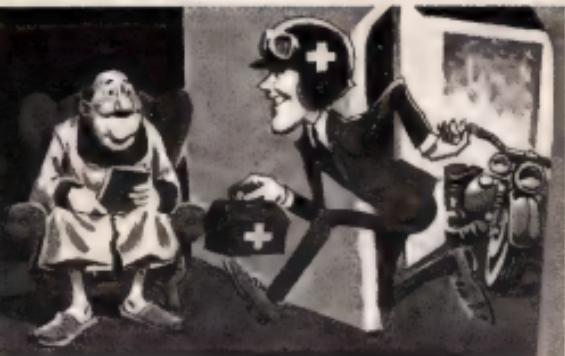
**BUT WHEN YOU** fix yourself a simple snack of ham and eggs, there isn't a clean dish or pot left in the house and the kitchen looks like a hurricane blew through it!



**HOW COME ON TV**, when the hero is kept prisoner in the bilge of a herring boat for a week and then saves himself by swimming through a two-mile oil slick, he always comes out with his suit looking like it's just been dry cleaned,



**BUT WHEN YOU** just go up into the attic for ten minutes to look for a back copy of The National Geographic, you always come down needing a shower and a complete change of clothes, and your Mother has mending to do for a week!



**HOW COME ON TV**, when a patient has the sniffles, the TV Doctor jumps on his motorcycle and roars right over in the middle of the night because he's really concerned,



**BUT WHEN YOU** run a fever of 105°, his Service tells you to come in the next morning because she can't disturb the doctor *NOW...* and he never makes house calls anyway!



**HOW COME ON TV**, parents always have lots of time to be with their kids and do things together, and it seems like Dad's never at the office and Mom's never doing housework,



**BUT WHEN YOU** want to talk to your old man, he's always filling out his Income Tax or paying bills or worse, and Mom has a headache and always wants to go out for dinner!



**HOW COME ON TV**, private-eye heroes always find parking places right in front of where they have to go, and they never take the car keys, and they always leave things like cameras and guns and valuables in the glove compartment,



**BUT WHEN YOU** drive downtown, it takes you over forty minutes to finally find a parking place five blocks from where you have to go, and if you're not back in fifteen seconds, you find your car's been stripped and ticketed!



**HOW COME ON TV**, when a cowboy or private-eye gets into a kicking, gouging and punching fight, he always emerges without a scratch and with all his dazzling teeth intact,



**BUT WHEN YOU** merely get involved in a friendly argument with the neighborhood bully, you end up with two teeth missing, a nose-bleed, and a black eye that lasts for a month!



**HOW COME ON TV**, commercials for airlines always show carefree, happy people traveling with hardly any luggage,



**BUT WHEN YOU** travel by air, your plane is cancelled or 6 hours late, and they always load at the furthest gate!



**HOW COME ON TV**, drunks are always portrayed as charming, cute, elegant people who are fun to watch and listen to,



**BUT WHEN YOU** run into a drunk, he's usually obnoxious, he always reeks, and he invariably throws up all over you!

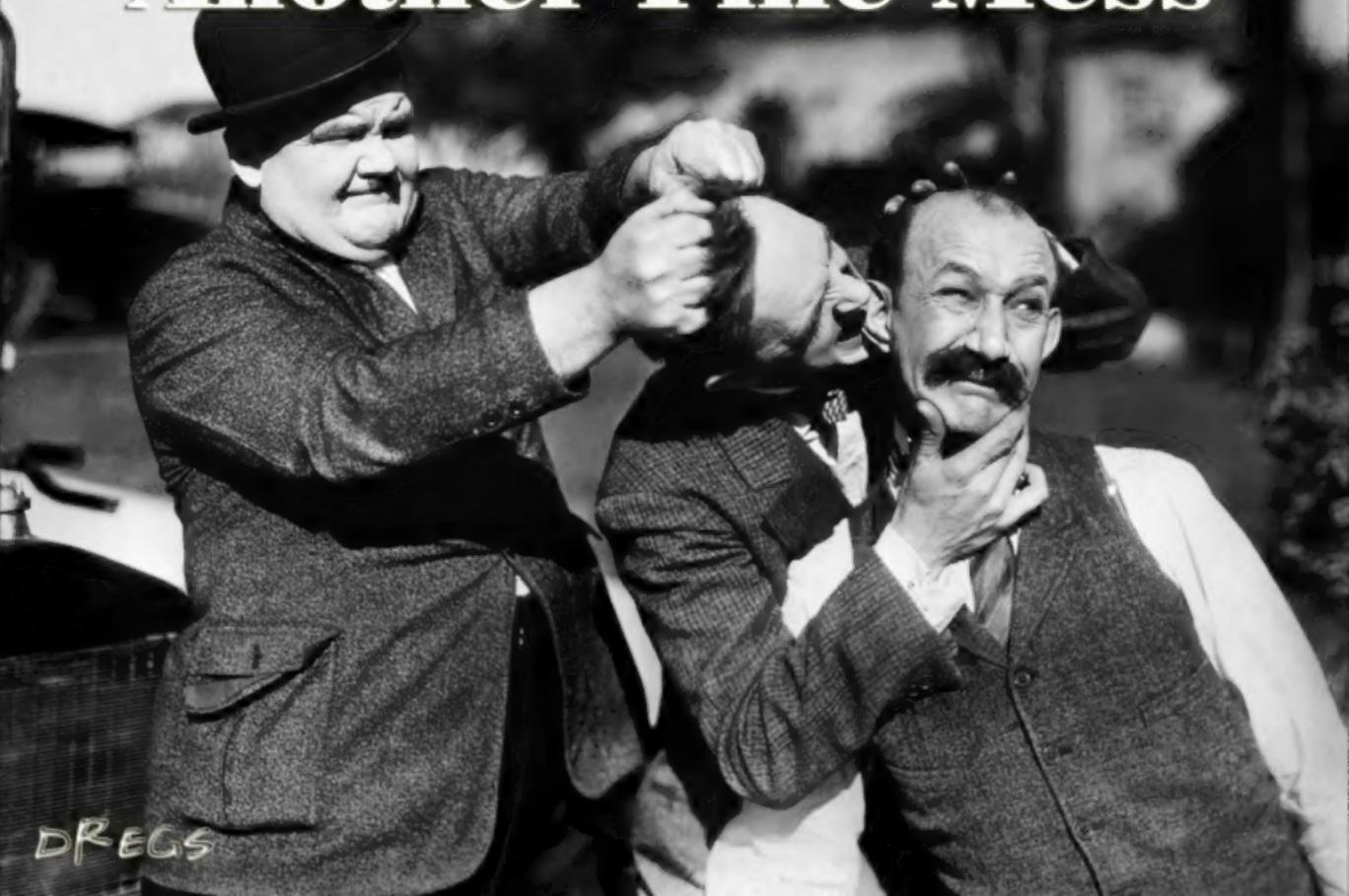


**HOW COME ON TV**, underwater shots are always where it's crystal clear with exotic colored fish, plants and coral.



**BUT WHEN YOU** go snorkeling in the muddy waters near you, the most exotic item you ever see is an aluminum Cola can.

# Another Fine Mess



DREGS